

leaving by pretendimstraight

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Summary:

“What are you trying to say, Billy? Spit it out.” Steve’s voice was rising, and Billy watched as he crossed his arms.

The wind was fast and hard today, and there was no doubt in his head that Steve was freezing in that stupid Letterman jacket of his. Maybe he should have done this somewhere more, well, warm. Maybe the ice he felt in his chest would have been less distracting that way. Billy sighed, squeezing the bridge of his nose before shoving his hands in his pockets. He stared at Steve’s knees, he couldn’t even look him in the eye to say what he had to say. “I’m leaving, Harrington.” he said, and he could practically feel the words hang in the air between them.

leaving

Author's Note:

these boys are a mess,
but they are messes that love each other and usually
that conquers all.

“What are you trying to say, Billy? Spit it out.” Steve’s voice was rising, and Billy watched as he crossed his arms.

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“Don’t ‘Harrington’ me Bil- Wait, what?” Steve’s voice dropped to a near whisper as what Billy said registered in his head.

The distance between them suddenly felt like it was too much, though they were only mere feet apart standing next to their cars and facing each other at the top of the quarry. “I know you heard me, Steve,” Billy tried to keep his voice cold, remembering what the doctors in every hospital has told him countless times before. Clean breaks heal faster.

“And- and there’s nothing I can do to change your mind...?” Steve asked and he hated how small his voice sounded.

He hated the burn at the back of his throat and how his eyes were already watering because of the cold so now he felt like he was going to start crying any second. He hated that he didn’t know why this was happening, and yet he still felt that it was all his fault. He hated that he couldn’t see Billy’s eyes because *he wouldn’t look at him*. He hated that his heart felt like it was about to be ripped from his chest,

and he tried to hug his chest tighter, hoping to just keep it in there, *just for a bit longer, please* .

“No, there’s not.” Billy said, still glaring at Steve’s knees and trying to keep that note of finality in his tone.

He knows that Steve could change his mind. He *knows* that if he looked into Steve’s pretty, brown, doe eyes right now he’d say ‘***fuck it***’ and change his mind but he doesn’t want to let that happen, so he aggressively isn’t looking.

“That’s-” They both flinch when they hear Steve’s voice crack in the middle of that one word. It’s silent for a bit more until Steve clears his voice, “I understand that that’s your decision but I-”

Steve’s voice breaks again and Billy drops his gaze to the ground as he listens to Steve choke down a sob. It sounded like one of those ones that Steve lets out when he has those nightmares of the dogs he’s so afraid of. Billy has spent countless nights comforting Steve that it was going to be okay, that he was going to protect him from all of his fears. Billy blinks away tears of his own as he realizes that here he is, bringing one of Steve’s worst ones to life.

Steve lets out a manic laugh, watery and too high pitched and Billy tenses when he hears Steve snuffle. “So you’re leaving me, huh? When did you decide on that one? Was it earlier today when we woke up in bed together?” Steve said, his voice coming out too fast and in the wrong octave. The way it does when he’s having a panic attack, Billy realizes.

He keeps his eyes down as he tried to explain, “Steve-”

He cut him off with another watery laugh, “Or- or was it a while ago? Have you just been *waiting for the right time* for weeks now?”

“Steve, listen-” Billy tries again, but Steve won’t let him finish.

“ No . I don’t *have* to listen. This is *bullshit* . I didn’t fucking do anything *wrong!* ” Steve shouted, and Billy remembers why he said they had to come here for this conversation.

Billy finally looks him in the eye at that, “No, Steve, you didn’t do

anything wrong.”

Steve looked back at him, wearing his watery eyes and tear-stained cheeks like a suit of armor. Billy knew that he should look away, that this was just going to make everything more messy, make it hurt more, but he couldn't. He owed it to Steve to show him that he wasn't the only one hurting. He owed him this much, at least.

“Did you even lov-” Steve starts and Billy takes a step forward, caving in.

He walks up so that they are face to face and he can almost feel the way Steve's hands are shaking at the sides of his chest. They're close but they're not touching. Billy knows that, the minute he touches Steve, this is no longer going to be a clean break. His eyes are angry as he stares up into Steve's.

“Don't even finish that. You know I love you, asshole, *you know that* .” Billy nearly snarls, but Steve just laughs in his face.

He sounds more broken at this point, and Billy can see the white in his knuckles from the way that he's trying to hold himself together. Billy can see that he is breaking him and he isn't stopping. He won't stop. He can't stop.

“If you love me then *why fucking leave me?* ” Steve's teeth are clenched and he sounds wrecked in the worst way.

Steve knows that he's breaking down in front of Billy. He knows that he should respect Billy's decision. He knows that maybe there isn't anything he can do to stop Billy from going but every second that Billy is here, in his face and glaring, is another second that Billy isn't gone. At this point Steve is going to take whatever he can get.

“ *Because* , Steve!” Billy shouts, stepping back and laughing harshly, but all Steve does is watch as Billy motions wildly around him, “Because being in this shithole town makes me feel like I'm suffocating! Because I hate the way people *still* glare my way after years of me living here! Because I still want to wake up in the morning and step outside to smell saltwater instead of cow shit! You're the only reason I've stayed in the hell for as long as I have, of

course I fucking love you! I just need to get the hell out of here, Steve.” Billy looked so goddamn tired and his chest was heaving, but Steve was furious.

He unwrapped his arms from around him and stormed towards Billy, jabbing an accusing finger onto his chest hard. Billy stumbled back, looking shocked and defensive. Steve just glared at him,

“And why didn’t you ever just *ask* me to come along, you dipshit?” he shouted in Billy’s face and Billy froze, “Do you not get that I fucking **adore** you? That I’d do anything to make you happy? Do you not *fucking understand* that I would follow you to the ends of the goddamn Earth if you asked me to?” Steve knew that he was crying again, but he couldn’t stop. He took a step back and laughed as the birds nearby flew away at the commotion he was causing,

“You’re a *goddamn idiot*, Billy Hargrove, and I’m not letting you leave **my** shithole town without **me**. ”

Billy was staring at him, flabbergasted and absolutely speechless. He hadn’t thought to ask Steve at all, in reality. “I didn’t think...” He had no idea what to say but Steve wasn’t looking at him and was walking back towards his car and *fuck, he really is an idiot.*

“Yeah, you usually don’t.” Steve waved a hand dismissively and let out a short, empty laugh, “I really should have known that by now.”

Billy stepped towards him, “Steve-”

Steve sniffed and started walking back to his car, “It’s whatever, Billy. Have fun in-” Billy grabbed his arm and turned him around, pushing him back against the passenger door of the car and kissing him soundly.

Billy kissed Steve like he was trying to devour him, like he was trying to make Steve a part of him that couldn’t be separated. He kept one hand gripping Steve’s arm and let the other one rest on his damp cheek, his thumb rubbing the tears from his cheekbone gently. Steve whimpered into the kiss and kissed back with just as much passion, his heart finally back in place for the time being. He grabbed two fistfuls of Billy’s hair and held him in place, refusing to let him move

even an inch away. They kissed until both of them couldn't breathe and then they kissed some more, using up each other's discarded oxygen and reclaiming it as their own.

When they finally parted, Billy planted kisses all over Steve's face and Steve still wouldn't let go of Billy's hair completely. The two of them panted and looked into each other's eyes.

"Come to California with me." Billy whispered so the words his Steve's lips and Steve's answering snort made the cold in Billy's chest disappear completely.

"I hate you, Billy Hargrove." Steve whispered back, his eyes shining and his smile wide and contagious.

Billy smiled back at him, "No you don't."

"You're right." Steve mumbled against Billy's lips as he closed the gap between them, and kissed him again.

Author's Note:

hey hey!! i hope you liked this!
it's also posted on my tumblr, which you should
totally check out by the way!
i'm pretendimstraight on there too, and i'm looking
for more situations to write these boys in so if you
have any suggestions you should let me know!
thanks for reading!!!